

A GREAT BEER HOUSE.

Munich Owns the Oldest and Largest Saloon in the World.

The Hofbrauhaus of Munich is perhaps the oldest and largest saloon in the world, owned by the king of Bavaria and patronized by an average of 12,000 customers a day. On holidays the number often runs up to 15,000 and 16,000. Nothing to drink is sold but beer, brewed at the royal brewery, which was started by King Ludwig the Severe in 1255. The present Hofbrauhaus was built in 1644, and the beer was brewed on the spot until 1878, when the brewery was moved into the country to less expensive quarters.

There are seats for 1,500 customers, plain wooden benches without backs beside plain wooden tables without covers. In the garden or court are 100 empty beer barrels set on end, which are used for tables. The steins, which are very heavy and hold a quart of beer, are piled up in stacks before the bar on the floor in the morning, where they remain until they are used.

When a customer wants beer he picks out a stein, takes it to one of the basins of running water which line the walls and washes it himself. Then he carries it to the counter and hands it over to the bartender, who fills it with beer from the barrel. The price is 4 cents a stein, and the profits support the hospitals of the city, although the king could claim them if he desired to do so, as the brewery and the Hofbrauhaus belong to him by inheritance.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Surfeit of Oratory.

One of the mistaken theories is that a "public speaker" is necessary to the success of any public affair. This theory had its rise at a time when oratory was a fad. Orators were cultivated and they were supposed to take human passions in their hands and toy with them. In this practical age public speakers are a bore, and nobody cares anything about them. People gather to be entertained and not lectured. But, this theory having been established that a "public speaker" is important to a picnic, an orator is hauled out and set loose on a few old gentlemen with canes and a few mothers who must occupy the benches in taking care of the children.—Sabetha Herald.

Shot an Angel.

Now and again we hear of strange and rare birds being shot in England but how many sportsmen except Mr. Wells' clergyman can claim to have shot an angel? One such man exists though it is doubtful whether he is proud of his skill. It was nighttime and he was passing Grayford parish churchyard with his gun over his shoulder when he saw what he took for a ghost. He leveled his piece and fired but his aim was wild. He had failed to wing his quarry. Investigation showed that the ghost was a sculptured angel on a tomb, and he had shot off one of its toes!—London Chronicle.

High Finance.

"Say," began Burroughs, "lend me five, will you?"
"See here," replied Markley. "I you'd only save your own money you wouldn't have to borrow from your friends."
"But by borrowing from my friend, I do save my own money."—Catholic Standard and Times.

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"Some one spoke to me about Cuticura. The consequences were I bought a set of the Cuticura Remedies of one of my friends who was a druggist, and the praise that I gave after the second application is beyond description; it seemed a miracle, for the Cuticura Remedies took effect immediately. I washed the foot with the Cuticura Soap before applying the Ointment and I took the Resolvent at the same time. After two weeks' treatment my foot was healed completely. People who had seen my foot during my illness and who have seen it since the cure, can hardly believe their own eyes."

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The City of Great Britain.

Unless we command the sea we cannot keep open the roads by which our people are fed. Britain has in effect ceased to be a country. She is now, considered from the political and military point of view, a city, though a city with very large parks and pleasure grounds and kitchen gardens in which to grow her flowers, fruits and vegetables. A city, from the point of view of war, may be described as a place which if besieged long enough must fall, since supplies once consumed cannot be replenished. Britain answers to this description. The moment the sea roads to her are closed by an enemy she is, ipso facto, in a state of siege. Face to face with a need so imminent, it would be madness for us to give any consideration to what we hope or believe are the intentions of this or that foreign power. All that we can rightly do in considering how to secure our national safety and independence is to count ships and guns and to compute the merits of naval efficiency.—London Spectator.

A Shooting Gallery Secret.

"Do you see this glass ball?" said the shooting gallery man. It was a ball of hollow glass, an airy glass soap bubble, that had swung all season at the end of a thread in the foreground of the clay pipes, bells and what not that had made up the gallery's targets. "This glass ball," the man went on, "is my great money maker. All season long people tried to hit this ball—it was bigger and nearer than any other target—and everybody failed. Thousands of bullets were fired at the ball, thousands of nickels were spent on it, yet here it is, still untouched, my best breadwinner. All wise shooting gallery men have a glass ball like this. It makes such a tempting target, yet it is never hit. It is never hit because the air that precedes a gun charge is sufficient to blow the ball aside, out of the way. You might fire a hundred shots at it, but like a living thing, like a timid soldier, for instance, it would dodge each shot."

Mary Anderson's Voice.

Miss Anderson's voice was always her predominant charm. Certain tones in it—so thrilling, so full of wild passion and inexpressible melancholy—went straight to the heart and brought tears into the eyes. The voice is the exponent of the soul. You can paint your face, you can pad your person, you can wear a wig, you can walk in shoes that augment your height, you can in various ways change your body, but your voice will sooner or later reveal you as you are. Just as the style of the writer discloses his character, so the quality of the voice discloses the actor's nature. It seems unlikely that Miss Anderson's melting, tragic tones were uttered in any of her girlish impertinents, but the copious, lovely voice was there, and it gained her first victory.—William Winter in Saturday Evening Post.

Running as Exercise.

The fact that a person is capable of doing the best running and speed walking before the thirtieth year need not lead those who have passed the third decade to think that they are on the down grade of life, says an authority. These exercises call for elasticity of the arteries, and that lessens soon after the thirtieth year, but powers of endurance increase in the well preserved man or woman up to fifty or fifty-five or even later. Soldiers of fifty are like leather and can perform feats of endurance that would kill the stripling, and the same is true of women.

Blue Eyes.

That the color of the eyes should affect their strength may seem strange, yet that such is the case need not at this time of day be doubted, and those whose eyes are brown or dark colored should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible to injury from various causes than gray or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful, and next to those are gray. The lighter the pupil the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain.

A Brave Singer.

"I tell you," said one man to another as they emerged from the dimly lighted corridor of a concert hall. "I envy that fellow who was singing."
"Envy him?" echoed the other. "Well, if I were going to envy a singer I'd select somebody with a better voice. His was about the poorest I ever heard."

She's the "It."

The Lancashire clergyman who recently left the word "obey" out of the marriage service gives as his reason that he does not wish women to start married life at a disadvantage. But it really matters little in practice. It has long been understood that, though a man and his wife are one, the wife is that one.—London Globe.

A Good Laugh.

Every hearty laugh tends to prolong life, as it makes the blood flow more rapidly and gives a new and different stimulus to all the organs of the body from what is in force at the other times. The saying, "Laugh and grow fat," has therefore a foundation in fact.

Withered.

Caller—You call this garden scene "June," but the leaves are all on the ground instead of on the trees. D'Aubert—They were on the trees, but the picture got such a withering criticism from the committee that they curled up and fell off.—London Tit Bits.

TRAINING DOG POLICE.

Breaking in of the Seine Patrol One of the Sights of Paris.

The training of the young Newfoundlanders that are periodically added to the staff is one of the sights of Paris. It takes place in the headquarters of the agents plongeurs, a small building on the quayside not far from the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Dogs and men enter into the exercise with zest, and there is usually a crowd of onlookers. Only dummy figures are used, but the "rescue" is nevertheless a very realistic affair. The big dogs know perfectly well what the exercise means, and they wait with comic enthusiasm until the dummy is thrown into the water and an agent plongeur rushes out on hearing the splash and the outcry of spectators. While the men are busy with lines and life buoys the dog plunges into the water, swims to the dummy, watches with rare intelligence for an opportunity to get an advantageous hold, and then it either swims ashore or waits for its master, who brings to the rescue long poles, cork belts and the like. The more experienced dogs, however, will easily effect a rescue from first to last without human assistance, and it is an inspiring sight to watch them looking for a foothold on the slippery sides of the river bank and pulling the heavy dummy into a place of safety.

It takes about four months to train the dogs efficiently. They are also charged with the protection of their masters when attacked by the desperate ruffians who sleep under the arches of the bridge in summer. Thus in Paris the police dogs are a proved success.—Century.

Pressed to Death.

An English court has sentenced a woman to imprisonment because she refused to speak during a trial. The old penalty for remaining mute under similar conditions was being pressed to death. The form of sentence set forth "the prisoner shall be laid in some low, dark house, where she shall lie naked on the earth and one arm shall be drawn to one quarter of the house with a cord and the other arm to another quarter, and in the same manner let it be done with his legs, and let there be laid upon his body iron and stone, as much as he can bear—or more." There the man had to lie. On the following day he was given three morsels of bread without water, on the following water, but no bread. And this was his diet until he died.

Great Discovery.

The editor of a Kansas paper states that he once borrowed a Winchester rifle and started up the street a few days after to deliver the weapon to its owner. The delinquent subscribers got it into their heads that he was on the warpath, and every one he met insisted on paying what he owed him. One man wiped out a debt of ten years' standing. On his return to his office he found a load of hay, fifteen bushels of corn, ten bushels of potatoes, a load of wood and a barrel of turnips that had been brought in. We would like to borrow a Winchester for a day or two.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Bright Recruit.

Lieutenant (examining soldier)—What should you do if you met an enemy on the field of battle?
Soldier—Shoot him dead, sir.
Lieutenant—Right. And what should you do if you met a whole battalion of the enemy?
Soldier—Shoot them dead, sir.
Lieutenant—You couldn't by yourself. You should fall back and give warning. What should you do if you met a cow belonging to the enemy?
Soldier—Shoot it dead, sir.
Lieutenant—Wrong.
Soldier—Fall back and give warning.
Lieutenant—Wrong again. You should catch hold of it by the horns and bring it into camp. Now tell me what you should do if you met me in the field.
Soldier—Shoot you dead, sir.
Lieutenant—Rubbish! I'm not an enemy! I wear the same uniform as you do.
Soldier—Fall back and give warning.
Lieutenant—Wrong, stupid! I'm not a battalion of the enemy.
Soldier—Well, then, I'd catch hold of you by the horns and lead you into camp.
Lieutenant—You—
—Lustige Blatter.

Stevenson's Grave.

No English novelist rests in a more eccentric spot than that chosen by Robert Louis Stevenson, who is buried on the summit of the forest clad Vaila, in the island of Samoa. The day after his death at Vailima, in 1894, his remains were carried to the top of this precipitous and picturesque peak by sixty sturdy Samoans, who had loved and now mourned their dead chief. Tostitua. A party of forty had previously cut a pathway through the thick, tangled wood with knives and axes, while another party had prepared the grave. With infinite care and trouble they bore him shoulder high over the rough ground to his last long home, and there, under the starry sky, they left him to sleep forever, with the Pacific at his feet. On either side of his tombstone is a bronze plate. One bears the words, "The Tomb of Tostitua," while the other is inscribed with his own requiem, beginning:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.

The American Buffalo.

The buffalo is the bulkiest living land animal native to North America. A full grown buffalo bull stands about five feet eight or ten inches at the shoulder and weighs about 1,800 pounds. But specimens of over six feet at the withers have been recorded, and Mr. Hornaday tells us that he

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